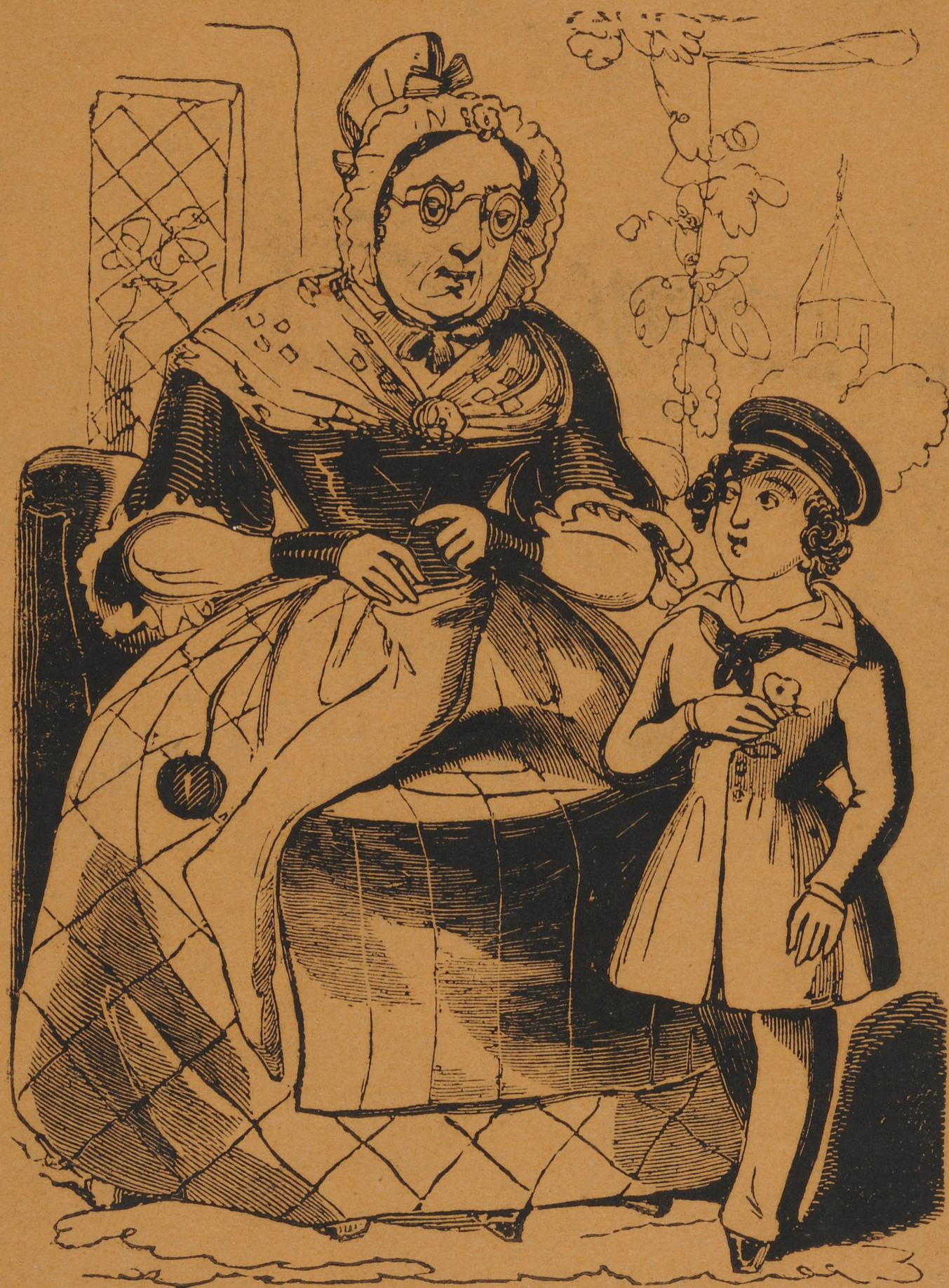
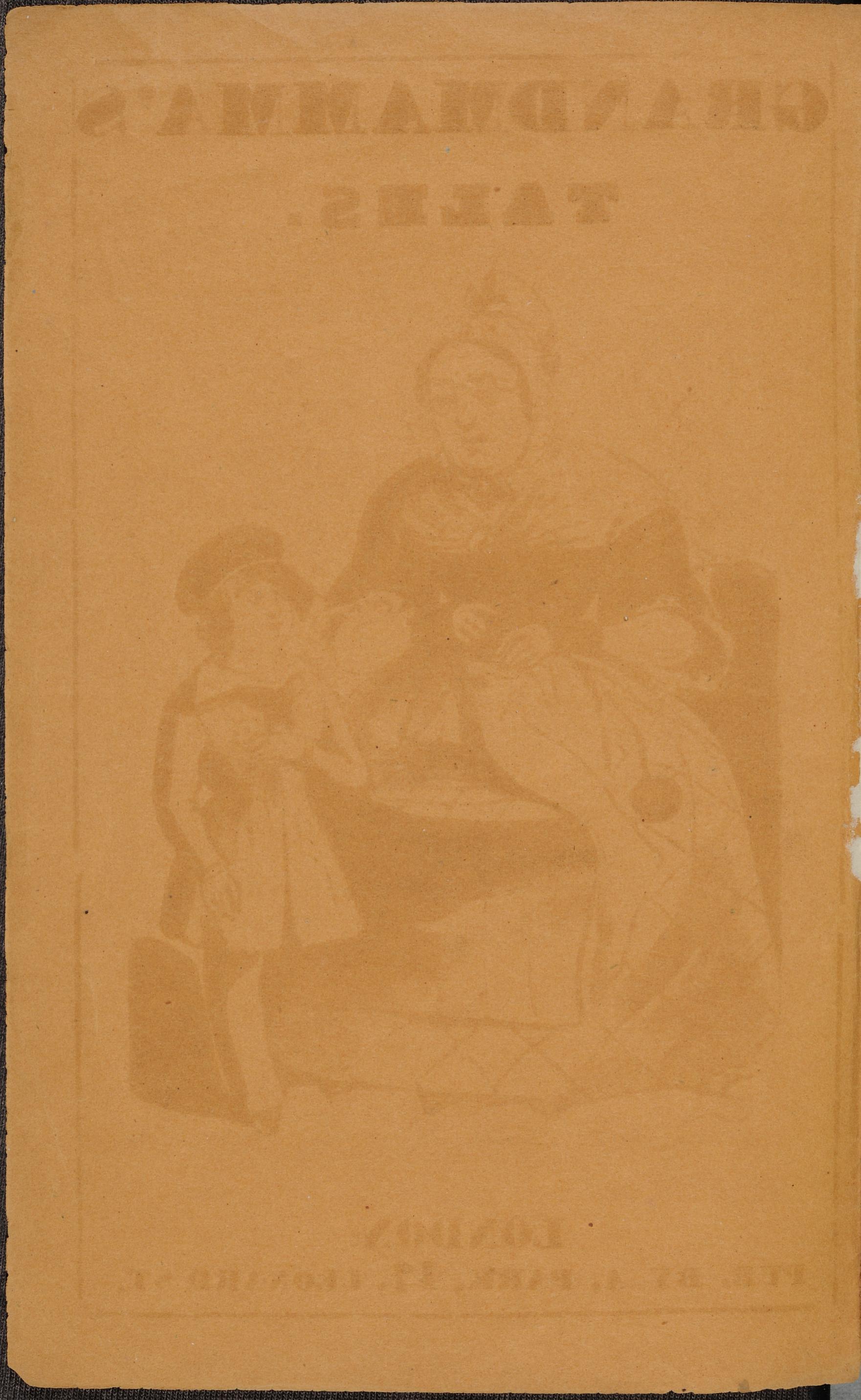


GRANDMAMMA'S TALES.



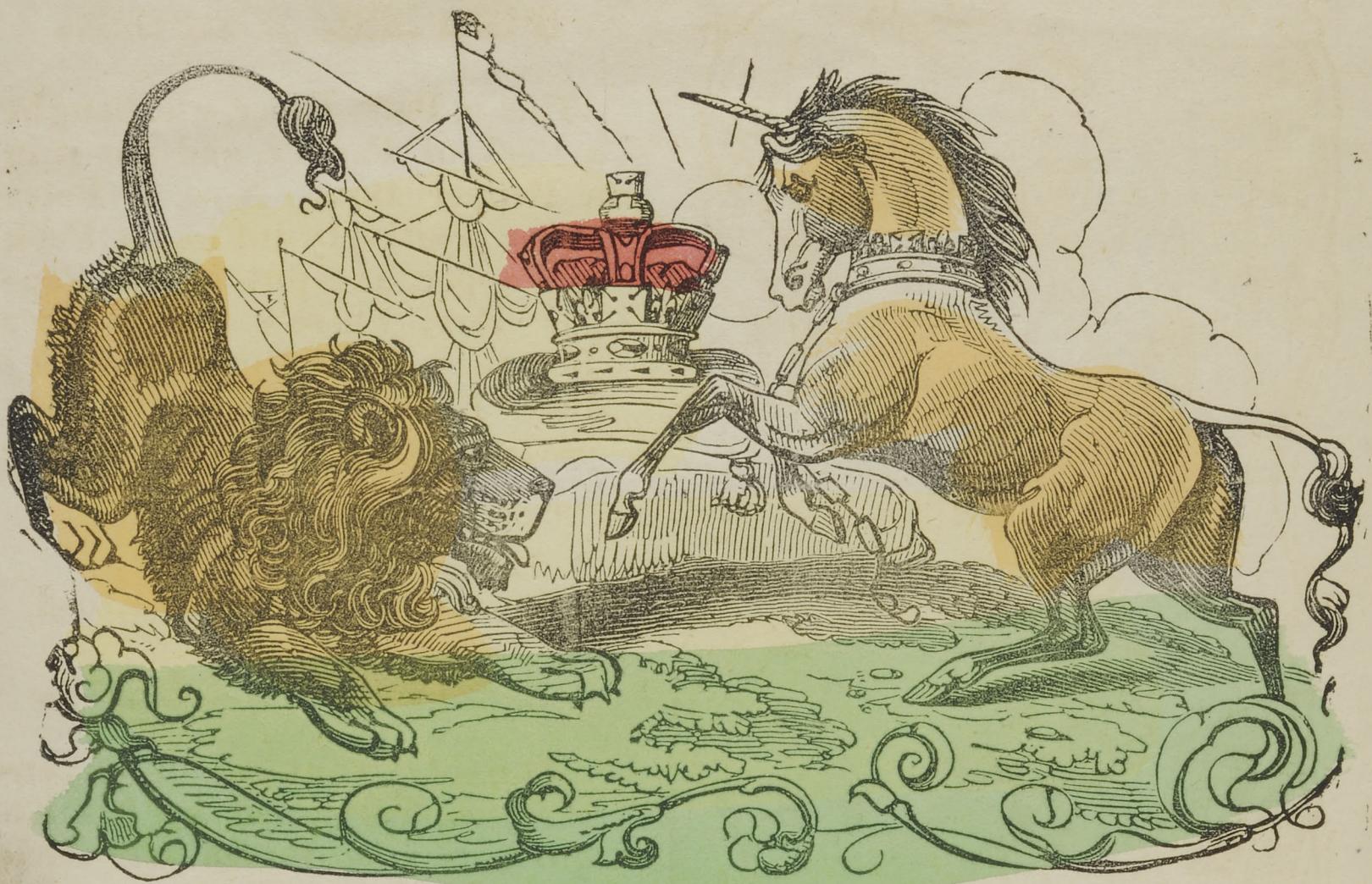
**LONDON:
PUB. BY A. PARK, 47, LEONARD ST.**



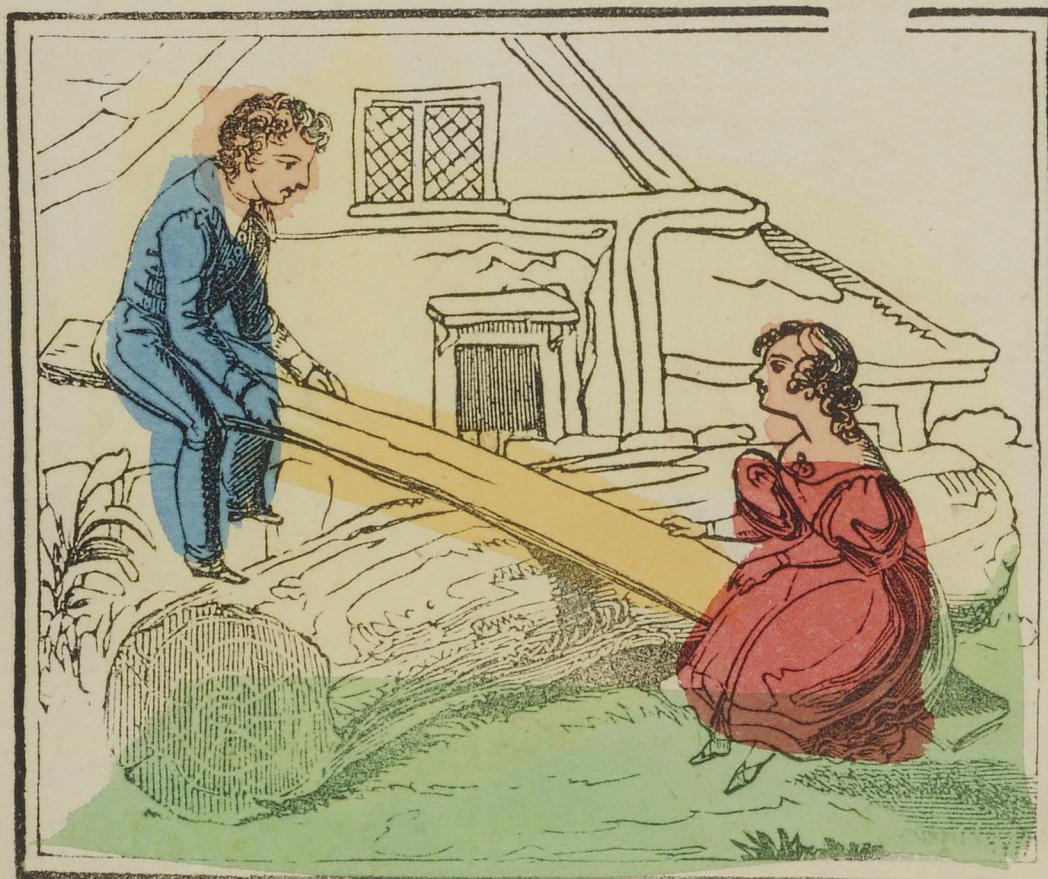
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The Lion and the Unicorn,
Were fighting for the crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn,
And King they did him crown.



See-saw,
Sacredown,
Which is the way
to London Town?
One foot up and
the other down,
That is the way
to London Town.



PETER PIPER.

This is Peter Piper, who bought a Peck of Pepper, and put it in a Pepper Box. Now, if Peter Piper positively did buy a Peck of Pepper, and put it in a Pepper Box, where's the Pepper Box that Peter Piper paid for? Peter Piper put his Pepper Box particularly away—he put it in a pond.

And when it was foond,
It was foond to be drowned.

DON QUIXOTE.

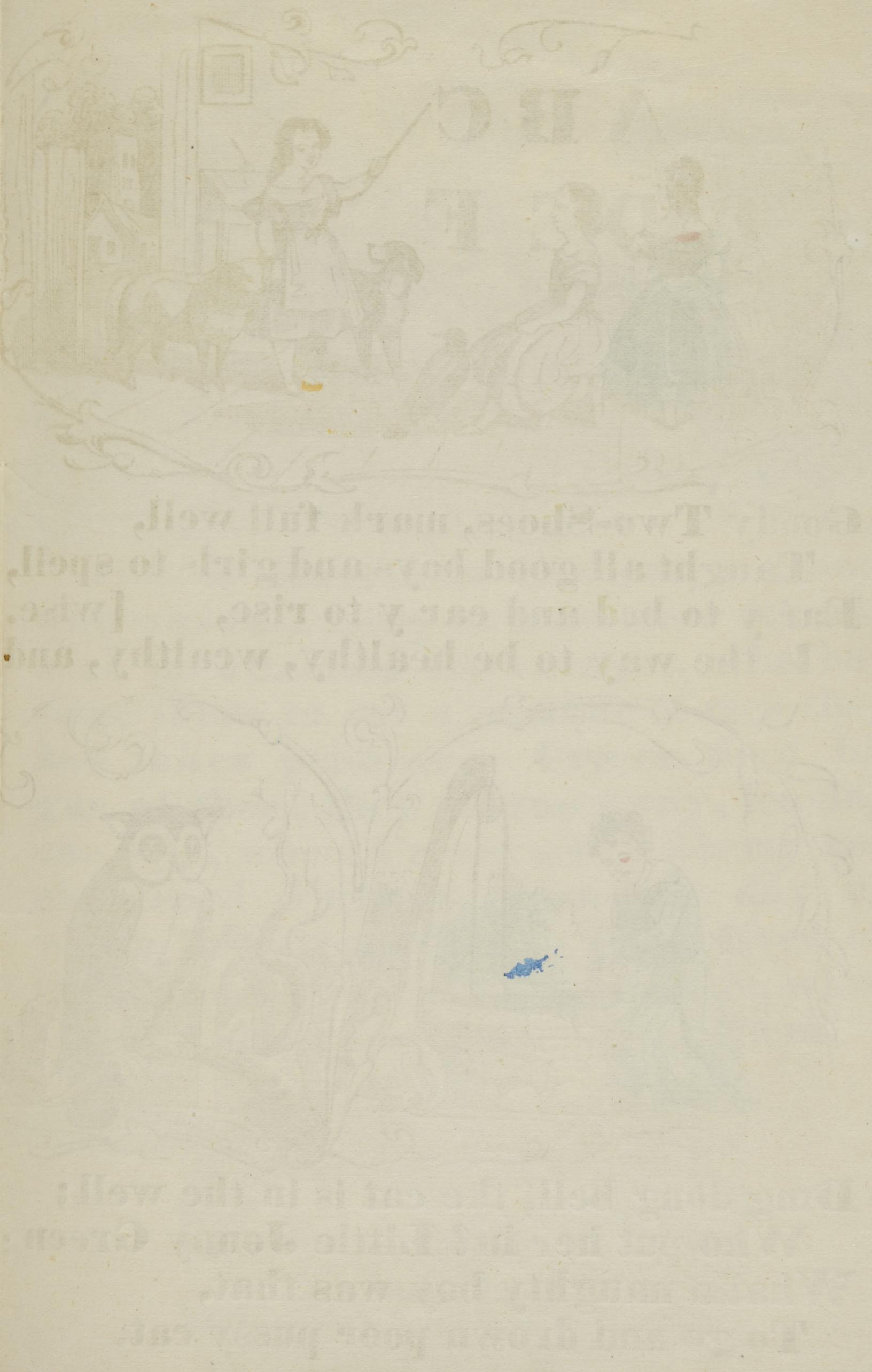
Quixote, went out on adventures, accompanied by his Esquire, Sancho Panza, who rode on a Donkey. The first thing Quixote attacked was the windmills, which he mistook for giants. Next fought a poor Barber, who had a brass basin on his head to keep off the sun, taking him to be a Soldier.

But if the book itself you read,
You'll say 'tis wond'rous droll indeed.



I had a little
husband,
No bigger than
my thumb,
I put him in a
quart pot,
And there I bid
him drum.







Goody Two-Shoes, mark full well,
Taught all good boys and girls to spell,
Early to bed and early to rise, [wise.
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and

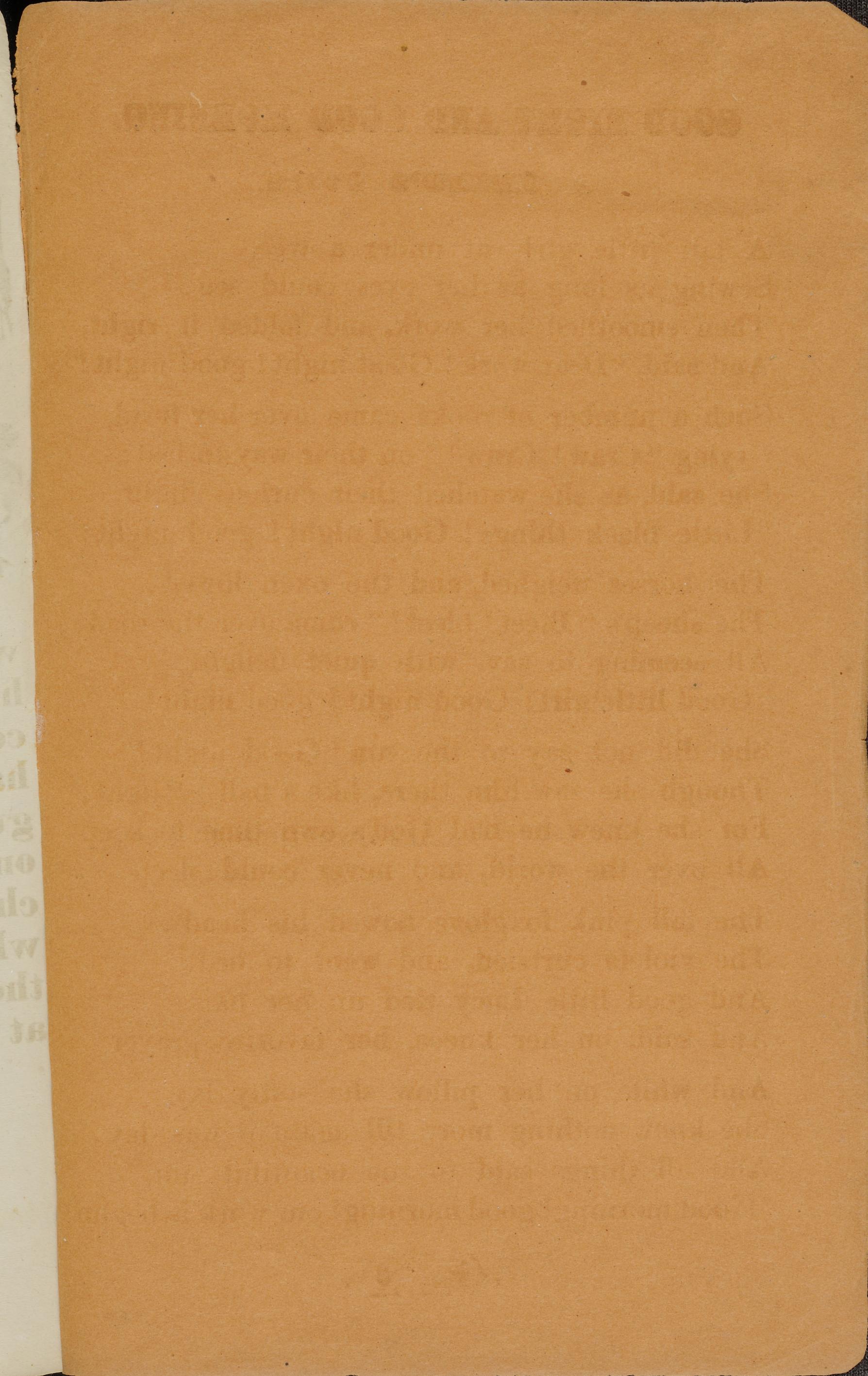


Ding dong bell, the cat is in the well;
Who put her in? Little Jonny Green:
What a naughty boy was that,
To go and drown poor pussy cat.



This is **ROBINSON CRUSOE**, a sailor, who was cast away on a desolate island ; here he attacked the savages, who had come there to eat a number of men they had taken prisoners. Crusoe fired his gun at them, they all ran away, leaving one only, whom Crusoe set at liberty and christened **FRIDAY**, from the day on which he rescued him. They lived on the island a great number of years, when at last a ship came and released them.





GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A CHILD'S SONG.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see :
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work ! Good night ! good night !"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Craw ! Craw !" on their way to bed :
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things ! Good night ! good night !

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed ;
The sheep's "Bleet ! bleet !" came over the road :
All seeming to say, with quiet delight,
"Good little girl ! Good night ! good night ! "

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day ;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning ! good morning ! our work is begun ! "

